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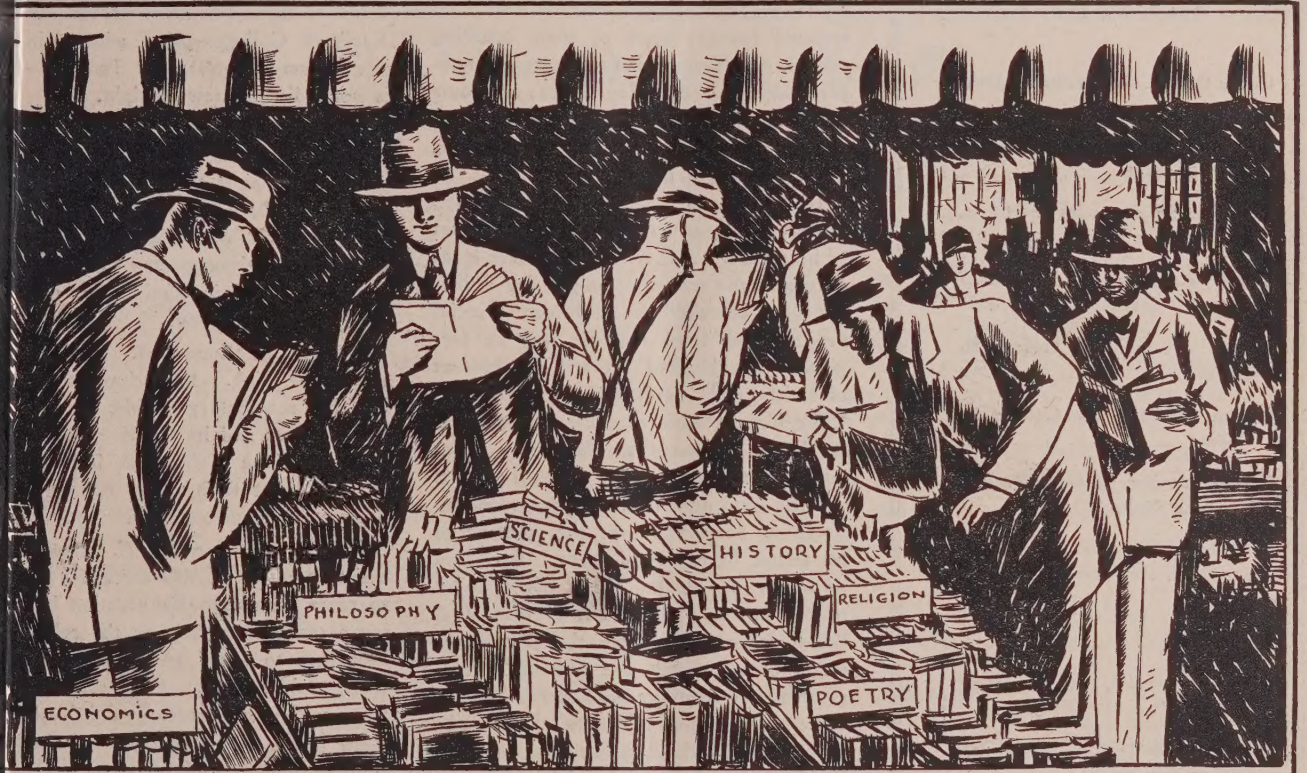
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SOCIAL IDEAS AND MODERN LITERATURE

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

E. MERRILL ROOT

ZONA GALE

E. C. HASSOLD

H. C. ENGELBRECHT

The World Tomorrow, Inc.

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The World Tomorrow

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The Point of View

ART for art's sake; art for propaganda. Between these polar viewpoints sharp controversy has racked the minds of all those interested, either professionally or individually, in literature.

And meantime, paying heed to neither school of polemic controversialists, literary artists have gone sturdily ahead with their production, some of them purely imaginative, wandering astrally in realms of isolated beauty; some of them touching with imaginative passion the most commonplace objects of everyday affairs; and some of them grappling, in no less artistry, with the problems of society in the compelling ways that only artists could.

In respect to subject matter we set, ourselves, no arbitrary limits to the art of literature. And if our preference leans naturally toward what might for a better term, be called the literature of social progress, we trust that we may be forgiven. Speaking of art and the content of artistic work, Tolstoy once wisely said: "The highest limit of content is such as is always necessary to all men. That which is always necessary to all men is what is good or moral." Whereupon, anticipating perplexity over the meaning of his terms, he explained them. By "good or moral" he meant, "That which unites people, not by violence but by love; that which serves to disclose the joy of the union of men with one another." Not a completely adequate definition to be sure, but enough to give a clue to what will be found this month upon our pages.

IN the production of such literature as this, certain works stand out as landmarks. In his article, *E. C. Hassold*, instructor in English at Chicago University, gives more than a mere selection

of such books; he touches upon them with illuminating evaluation and puts them in relation to the flow of current happenings across recent decades.

If there is anything striking about current literature, it is the rage for biography. Whence comes this interest, what is its significance, its contributions and its weaknesses? In the analysis by *E. Merrill Root* of the department of literature of Earlham College—prize winner in our youth essay contest last January—there is not a little shrewd insight.

And poetry! Does it languish; are poets waiting to catch their breath between renaissances; or is there threatening us an evasion on the part of poets, of throbbing social issues? *Sarah N. Cleghorn*, who herself has written poetry (and prose) of social and artistic significance, makes a challenging suggestion.

Realism is triumphant. At least, so one might think. But triumphant simply in the momentary public taste? Its achievements and its shortcomings are assayed by *Zona Gale*—who, it is needless to say, ought to have an opinion worth listening to, if anybody has.

It remained for *H. C. Engelbrecht*, assistant editor of this fortunate journal, to more than earn his vacation by writing a searching article on the relation of literature to social environment, institutions, and conflicts. Only someone intimate with the literature and history of many lands and independent of the need of translation, could bring to so huge a task the essential clarity and perspective.

The number is, of course, as usual far from a rounded, all-inclusive handling of the subject. May it be at least a stimulus to further literary adventure!

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The Massachusetts Murder

THE electric lash has curled about the weary bodies of Sacco and Vanzetti. Comfortable citizens, shaken somewhat at the world-wide protest stirred up by this history-making case, are already assuring themselves that it will all blow over and nothing more be heard about it.

But those who reason thus have little imagination. Not merely two otherwise obscure anarchists have gone to their death at the hands of the state of Massachusetts; the last shred of faith in the integrity of our judicial procedure, already weakened by many less striking perversions of law, has been destroyed in the minds of literally millions who hitherto have been by no means radical. And among class-conscious workers all over the world around, opposition to existing institutions has been immeasurably stiffened. No propaganda on behalf of anarchism could do half as much to breed contempt for government as such a brutal execution.

The killing of social offenders is always a beastly and revolting procedure, and it takes on no added piquancy when political factors are intertwined. And in this case the brutality was aggravated because of the cold-blooded, unbending persistence of officialdom in the face of a righteous clamor sent up from people of all classes who could not be convinced of the prisoners' guilt by any such vulnerable documents as the reports of Governor Fuller and his Advisory Committee.

In retrospect, it is essential that certain things be not forgotten: (1) the evidence of the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti was admittedly circumstantial; (2) their trial was held in a period of anti-radical hysteria; (3) the presiding judge betrayed a bias which even a biased Advisory Committee dared not entirely whitewash; (4) the Department of Justice was at that time engaged in a campaign of terrorism against all radicals and liberals, resorting to spectacular raids, *agents provocateurs*, and railroading of radicals to prison; and (5) though that Department was definitely implicated in the persecution of Sacco and Vanzetti, the investigators would not seek information from the Department's

files, nor would the Department permit its files to be examined by the defense; (5) as proved by their own reports, Fuller, Lowell, Grant, and Stratton preferred to believe almost uniformly the witnesses for the prosecution, even when seriously discredited, while refusing to accept the word of defense witnesses, often of unimpeachable status; (6) the proceedings of the investigation were carried on in secret, thus offering no opportunity to subject the testimony of all witnesses to the check of public scrutiny, as would have been the case in a new trial; (7) a decision in favor of Sacco and Vanzetti would automatically have been an admission that justice in Massachusetts had broken down, a fact to which no such committee would readily confess.

It was inconceivable that an investigation conducted along such lines by men possessed of that special distrust of common people which is too often the lot of cloistered aristocrats, should ascertain the entire truth. Given a case so enwrapped in prejudice and so enmeshed in the tangles of antiquated legal processes there can be no excuse whatever for the Governor's unwillingness to temper his fantastic conception of justice by commutation of the sentence to life imprisonment. And is there a satisfactory "alibi" for the system under which justices, state and federal, and the President of the United States, were enabled, like Pilate, to wash their hands of blood?

The inevitable conclusion which has already been drawn by the humane people of every land is this: in the United States there has been committed a judicial murder. A murder, too, which may be regarded without serious distortion as a part of the class war that is being waged in our day—and waged as violently by respectable defenders of the status quo as by the wildest, most isolated, and least responsible of the revolutionaries whom they so sanctimoniously condemn.

The Sacco-Vanzetti case is not closed. It will not be closed, if ever, for many years to come. "This is our career," profoundly said Vanzetti, "and our triumph."

Radical Tactics

At the risk of apparent smugness—from which we trust we may be exculpated—we cannot forbear to point out what a vindication this hideous case has been of pacifist tactics of revolt. Had Sacco and Vanzetti been unarmed when taken by the police, would their conviction, even with all of the current prejudice, been nearly so easy a matter? Would it, indeed, have been possible at all? Whatever their later views, their willingness to resort to violence in a tight place was no slight handicap to their supporters.

And it need hardly be said that the series of bombings, from whatever source they emanated, have had the inevitable result: loss of sympathy for the cause, not merely of Sacco and Vanzetti, but for all kinds of radicalism in general. There is some precedent for the unsupported surmise of a few radicals that part of the bombs were a capitalist frame-up to injure the radical case; for such things have been done, indisputably. But they might as likely have been planted by irresponsible and embittered radicals devoid of scruple or balance; for radicalism, no less than conservatism, has its lunatic fringe. And what is still more likely, the outrages may have been committed by unstrung defectives, numbers of which are abroad in the land at any given moment.

The two things wholesome and fine about this case have been, first, the devotion of the Sacco and Vanzetti backers, who from a love of justice have conducted for seven years a valiant and sacrificial struggle; and, second, the response of the doomed men to this sort of sympathetic interest. Both men markedly developed the nobility always in them; Vanzetti was not handicapped as Sacco was by so great an unfamiliarity with English. The latter's speech before Judge Thayer on the occasion of the Judge's refusal of a new trial last April will unquestionably become historic in the labor movement, as it well deserves to be.

Geneva's Failure and the Next Congress

At the tripartite naval conference some pleasant games of golf were enjoyed by the members of the delegations. But apart from this, the value of the conference to world peace and armament limitation may be assessed at several degrees below zero. The American press has been zealous in calling attention to England's unwarranted insistence on cruiser increases, and has pictured the Britons as chiefly responsible for the fiasco. But the reprehensibility is far from theirs alone. Parity with Britain has never been felt as a need of the United States, until, ironically enough, the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament, with its ratio of 5-5-3. And yet we were fully as

firm in our insistence for parity as were the Britons, stubborn in their demand for greater tonnage; and thus an impasse was reached whereby our program meant less tonnage than Britain's minimum demands, and Britain's program meant for us vast naval increase which the Coolidge administration, to its credit (at that time!), was not willing to authorize. Given the state of mind of believers in strong naval preparedness, Britain's was much the better case: for whereas this country could live on its own resources almost indefinitely, the British Isles would be starved out by a blockade in extremely little time.

The chief obstacle to success at armament limitation is obviously the preparedness state of mind. For the delegates were almost all naval experts, and you might as well appoint a delegation of shoe manufacturers to plan a barefoot crusade. Moreover, in spite of protestations of the utmost friendship, always in the background is the distrust of other nations, and by these nations for each other; else why arm on any such scale at all? Arguments were not backed by good will, but instead, at least in the opening sessions and always tacitly, by threats of huge armadas if the gathering fell short of agreement.

When governments entrust the making of disarmament overtures to experienced students of pacific international relations, progress may be made, but only if there is behind them a sincere willingness to put more faith in friendship and fair play than in cruisers, light or heavy. The governments want to eat their cake and have it too, and while this attitude prevails, no appreciable amount of armament reduction may be anticipated. Now, as always, the way to disarm is to disarm.

A renewed campaign in Congress for huge fleets of cruisers and tremendous preparedness in all branches may confidently be expected. In fact, militarists have lost no time in making capital out of the Geneva disagreement. And unless a thorough, determined, competent opposition, well planned in advance, is let loose upon Washington, an armament race will be on which, quite literally, will make all previous naval competition seem like child's play.

If anyone needed additional light on the attitude of the naval delegation, he could find it in the first remarks of Admiral Hilary P. Jones upon his arrival in New York from Geneva. Said the Admiral: "We have come back without an agreement, as you know. We hope this means conservative building up of the United States Navy to a proper position." Precisely!

And what is a proper position? To be stronger than other powers, just as other powers in the same way desire to be stronger than we. There are those in this country and Great Britain who know the truth in the ancient saying of Sallust; "The safety of a country lies not in wealth, nor in arms, but in friends."

The Rousing Books That Stir

E. C. HASSOLD

I

MODERN literature reflects an enormous extension of social consciousness. "It might be a fair guess to hazard," Professor Vida Scudder estimates, "that three out of every five respectable novels from the early years of the nineties to these post-war twentieth century years, have a latent social stimulus, whether they deal with mere picture, with arraignment, or with constructive suggestions." The growth of social sciences has been, of course, a powerful stimulus towards this new interest in social conditions, in social criticism and analysis, and in social indignation and protest.

Three typical attitudes towards social questions present themselves in modern literature and life. The first, the "natural", is the most thoroughgoing. Exponents of this attitude oppose "nature" to human civilization and its artificial, unnatural, not to say vicious, works and ways. This attitude is associated most intimately in the minds of Americans with Thoreau. It underlies V. H. Hudson's poignant tale of South American *Green Mansions* and of the lovely, birdlike girl, Rima, who fell prey to the social inhumanity of savage man. It is most powerfully put in Knut Hamsun's magnificent Norwegian novel, *The Growth of the Soil*. Isak, the epic son of the soil, and his hair-lipped mate, Inger, strive on their hardships and privations so long as they keep out of reach of social man and his pernicious city civilization. This attitude, where it is fresh and full, has a peculiar charm and force. What if it were not merely an "escape," but, considering the effect of Thoreau's doctrine upon Gandhi, a prospect? To the exponents of this "natural" view there seems to be but one social problem, and that is society, civilization.

THE exact opposite to this is the "business" attitude. This too is negative towards social problems but for a different reason: not from denial of the existing order but from identification with it. The watchword of people of this persuasion is, "You can't change human nature," which freely interpreted means, "You can't change the existing order." Exponents of this attitude are not much impressed with social problems, which seem to them to exist largely in the imagination of misguided, tender-minded people. For their part they are not over-sensitive to inhumanities. Business is business. This view is only natural in people pre-occupied with active rather than contemplative pursuits, for activity, as Goethe pointed out, suspends the

conscience. A characteristic expression of this point of view is the remark dropped by the "silent" Moltke, "Eternal peace is a dream, and not even a beautiful dream." This hard-headed, worldly-wise attitude of disillusionment and common sense, "the House of Commons attitude" John Morley called it, appears in criticism more, it seems, than in creative writing and is best represented by the great newspapers. It is "hard-boiled" rather than "human".

The "human" attitude is represented by a majority of literary artists. This is quite natural, since creative writers—poets, novelists, dramatists and some critics—unless they merely care to capitalize on cleverness, are bound to make a profession of their humanity. And as things are today no one apparently goes far towards a large understanding of humanity without being outraged by the inhumanity in the operation of the present social and industrial system. Exponents of this attitude accept human civilization but protest against the existing social and industrial settlement so far as it involves inhuman elements. In the existing social order they find a nest of social questions, and social problems have increasingly become the meat and drink of literary artists.

To these three attitudes one might be inclined to add an "artistic", a "scientific", and even a "religious" one. But these upon investigation seem hardly to have separate existence. The people that profess them really hold one of the other attitudes. "I am an artist," Jean Christophe proudly tells the socialist, in the great novel by Romain Rolland, "it is my duty to defend art; I have no right to enroll in the services of a party. . . . It is our business—the artists'—to save the light of the intellect." But just the same, "his intellectual pride, his complacent conception of a purely esthetic world made for the joy of the spirit, would sink deep into the ground at the sight of an injustice." This occurs over and over, not only in fiction, but in fact. The case of Æ. is typical. "I am by profession an artist and man of letters," he says in *The Inner and Outer Ireland* "and I find the consolations of life in things with which government cannot interfere, in the light and beauty the earth puts forth on her children. The words 'republic' and 'empire' are opaque words to me." Nevertheless it was Æ. who published in the *Dublin Times* an "Open Letter to the Employers" which is said to have revolutionized public opinion at the time of the strike in 1913. Tolstoi's conversion and *What is Art?* are too well known to require comment, except perhaps the comment of Kropotkin, that to Russians the

surprising thing was not in what Tolstoi said—most of them had been thinking that—but in the fact that Tolstoi had come round to it. Turgenev was hand in glove with Herzen, the revolutionist-editor. Strindberg was a socialist. The finest things by Oscar Wilde, such as "The Young King" in his *Fairy Tales*, subordinate art to humanity.

II

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN, Walter Besant back in the nineties named his rather naive novel about the London slums, which is one of the landmarks of the growth of social consciousness in modern literature. Thin reading to the reader of today, who is accustomed both to better fiction and more accurate observation, it simply shows how far the drift of social awareness has carried since his time. In its day the book suggested the Peoples' palace for the East End.

An experiment in social living similar to that of the two cultivated young people in Besant's novel was carried out in actual life by Walter Wyckoff, an American sociologist, in the early nineties. The result is *The Workers: An Experiment in Reality*, particularly real in its account of unemployment in Chicago just before the opening of the World's Fair. The writer's very attitude, his being shocked at the abounding immorality of the workers—profuse profanity, churchlessness, and "immorality" proper—throws into sharp relief the chasm yawning between the world of the professor and that of the masses. This line of social study has recently resulted in absorbing books such as *The Hobo* and *The Gang*. But we are drifting into sociology.

The East End, by the way, was somewhat sensationally explored, not to say exploited, by Jack London in 1902, in a vivid, stirring socialistic account of *The People of the Abyss*. He could do though what a poet in the old tradition like Moody could not do. Moody could only ask in "Gloucester Moors",

"And who has given me this sweet
And given my brother dust to eat?"

but he could not bridge the chasm and really come close to the men he recognized as brothers.

Carl Sandburg can. Anzia Yezierska can. A host of others can, for they have lived the life. And so we have new books, written from within, about "all sorts and conditions" of life, in the ghetto, in the village, and at sea. Thus Eugene O'Neill had lived at sea among sailors and could present the drab drama of their lives. There is a mean bite of reality in his sea sketches, but no less in his devastating New England tragedy, *Desire Under the Elms*.

III

IN this, as in *The Hairy Ape*, there is also terrific social criticism. "Say, where do I go from here?" the Hairy Ape mutters, the growl of the dispossessed. "Go to hell!" the policeman tells him, the representative of law and order and the unthinking servant of the existing system. *Desire Under the Elms* is a keen sociological study of the New England home, which has just recently been held up as the pattern Americans should model their homes after instead of building five-room bungalows. Another penetrating analysis of the New England family, not so distasteful in detail but nearly as relentless in its probing is Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome*, in which such a trivial incident as the breaking of a dish by the cat precipitates a touching domestic tragedy.

Social criticism has been the vogue not only in the drama but in the novel and in poetry as well. It is the social criticism and not the poetry which keeps the reader going in Edgar Lee Masters' *Domesday Book*, in which he connects a trenchant analysis of American civilization with the murder of a war-nurse in the "revolving" manner of Browning's *Ring and the Book*, a very good device for just this type of burrowing analysis. Edgar Lee Masters' keenest social criticism, of course, is the *Spoon River Anthology*, and this was followed by a burst of "small town" books (including one by old E. W. Howe himself, who tried to start the racket away back in the eighties), among which the most widely read was *Main Street*, but the best written and most searching Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*. "Before such women as Louise can be understood and their lives made livable, much will have to be done. Thoughtful books will have to be written, and thoughtful lives lived by people about them." These words at the beginning of Part Three of *Godliness* should dispel the notion that his writing is sordid in motive, although it sometimes is in material. But so is life in the Midwest.

Sherwood Anderson's *Dark Laughter*, though somewhat shadowy as a novel, is one of the most notable social critiques since the war. It is more searching, though less moving, than Dreiser's massive circumstantial account of *An American Tragedy*, which is a monumental record of crime and punishment, one as unintelligent and inefficient as the other. Force and efficiency are the prerogatives of the powerful and privileged.

A GLANCE at world literature, of course, reflects the same interest in social conditions and a similar attitude of social criticism and analysis. In England Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* mirrors splendidly the dying Victorian age in the Forsyte family, and shows the besetting vice of "property" which always takes and never gives, which cannot enjoy without possession

In Germany, Thomas Mann has made an even more finely written family analysis of the *Buddenbrooks* and of their decline in the course of a century. And Wassermann has given a vast panorama of contemporary civilization in *The World's Illusion*, in which his rather Messianic hero vainly tries to bridge the chasm that yawns here as in any elaborate and searching study of the present social order. This is the problem that the Russians felt so keenly in the nineteenth century that many well born youths at different times went to live among the masses, from whom Tolstoi perhaps got the idea of making his experiment in the enjoyment of simplicity. The fascinating data of social aspirations and conditions presented by Russian writers of the last century are interestingly studied by Kropotkin in *Ideals and Realities in Russian Literature*.

IV

BUT the most stirring note in modern social literature is *The Cry for Justice* as Upton Sinclair calls it in his elaborate anthology of social protest, an eye-opener to any one still unaware of the intensity and scope of the humanitarian appeal. The first edition of this holy book of socialism, as he would have it, appeared in 1915. Since there is but one selection by Carl Sandburg in it, one wonders how fat the volume may become when it is brought up to date.

This survey must, however, limit itself to just a scanty selection among the books of social protest. Perhaps the most engrossing are the personal records, of leaders in social movements, of victims of social injustice and prejudice.

The most engaging one of these is Prince Kropotkin's *Memoirs of a Revolutionist*. That should be hair-raising, but is only warm and human. Kropotkin was a courtbred Russian Prince, but spent more time in prison than at court. His autobiography reveals a mild, modest, lovable gentleman, a noted scholar, a man of reason and of love. That was just it. He was an anarchist, a nihilist (*not* a terrorist), a man who followed reason and refused to be compliant with mere custom or cold-blooded towards human bondage and degradation. His article on "Anarchism" in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is a masterpiece. He issued *La Révolte* and was a marked man for years. His *Memoirs* is one of the most illuminating documents of the social movement in the nineteenth century—but more than that, a very human book.

If Prince Kropotkin refused to write a hair-raising book about the Russian revolutionists—such as Conrad wrote in *Under Western Eyes*—an American book, which I have never even seen reviewed, is certainly hair-raising. It is *The Twenty Fifth Man* by Edward Morrell. He was a member of the outlawed gang of anarchists that defied the Railroad for some time after

the fight on which Frank Norris's *Octopus* is centered. Morrell was captured and had the most harrowing experiences in San Quentin prison—on a derrick, in a straight-jacket, in solitary confinement meant to be *for life*—and when, under a new warden, he was released from solitary, one of the prison barbers told him, "Ed, you're the finest living picture of Jesus Christ that I've ever seen, so help me God." His story is the basis of Jack London's novel, *The Star Rover*, but is more striking in the straight-forward, less expert account Morrell himself has written for the benefit of prison reform.

Two stirring autobiographical accounts of race prejudice are Ludwig Lewisohn's *Upstream* and Du Bois' *Souls of Black Folk*. Lewisohn sentimentalizes himself, but is a keen critic and writes splendid prose. Du Bois is master of a touching pathos. So much for social memoirs of which there are many more, such as Stepiak, Berkman, and Vera Figner.

TWO of the most stirring social novels in America are Frank Norris' *Octopus* and Upton Sinclair's *Jungle*. The *Octopus* came close to being "the American novel", and still has so much life in it that in the library copy the writer used the first time he read it, pages were ripped out by eager hands. There is too much fire in the book; in fact, his social animus threatens to break loose and end the novel in a runaway. The story centers on the fight between the farmers of the San Joaquin valley and the railroad, the "octopus". It is planned as the first part of a trilogy on "Wheat", but Norris was cut off at forty when he had written only *The Octopus* and *The Pit*, a study of the Chicago Exchange. Not so big, but still very readable are his brother Charles' industrial novels such as *Pig Iron*, written much in Dreiser's vein.

The Jungle is a stomach-shaking book. It is about the Stock Yards of Chicago at their worst. It is impossible, the author once told a university president who was trying to recall it, to forget it. He aimed, he proudly but not untruthfully boasts, at the heart of the public, but hit it in the stomach. The writer has known healthy youths who eschewed packed meats for weeks and months after they had read *The Jungle*. But one must not forget that if the picture of the *Jungle* is terribly convincing, it is a little sentimentalized. In Melville's *Moby Dick* the fact that men slip on the slippery whale and cut off their toes, or even fall into the oil pocket in the monster's head, is no occasion for the author's raising a "cry for justice". Melville did, however, protest against flogging in the navy and by his *White Jacket* brought about the abolition of this inhuman practice. Upton Sinclair's humanitarian novel brought about government investigation of the Stock Yards and subsequent improvement of conditions.

One cannot leave the meat packers without recalling Robert Herrick's *Memoirs of an American Citizen*, which is not so sensational as the *Octopus* and *The Jungle*, but just the same an interesting and biting social novel.

V

ALL this kaleidoscopic reflection of social change, of course, mirrors in turn the revolution in ideas that has been going on. Not without opposition that was tough, stupid and steady. John Morley recalls the fact that "the most important newspaper in the country criticized our great naturalist's scientific speculations as to the descent of man, from the point of view of property, intelligence, and a stake in the country, and severely censured him for revealing his particular zoological conclusions to the general public at a moment when the sky of Paris was red with the incendiary flames of the Communes." One need but think of the scurrilous reception everywhere accorded Ibsen, the storm aroused by Hauptmann's *Weavers*, and the suppressions of a long series of all sorts of books. And the official prohibitions are not the most inhibiting. Lafcadio Hearn has somewhere said that in his day for a journalist to write in praise of Walt Whitman was to risk losing his position.

John Morley's essay *On Compromise* (first published in 1874) reflects the older philosophy of progress. Intellectually a rousing book, it is a new defense of liberty, an extension and modernization of the idea of John Milton and John Stuart Mill. It is an appeal for speaking out. The newer philosophy of change, uncertainty and experiment is dramatized in Butler's *Way of All Flesh* and more magnificently in W. Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. Bertrand Russell, who stirred the minds of English speaking peoples a decade ago by his *Proposed Roads to Freedom*, is against proposing roads to freedom in his *Education and the Good Life*.

VI

THE liveliest social issue since the war is that of war and peace. This controversy is not new and some of the most glowing modern writing has been contributed to it. The great book on the subject, both for its exhaustive treatment and for its high artistic excellence is Tolstoi's *War and Peace*. His first hand experience of war in the Crimea, (recorded in Sebastopol), his painstaking historical and military research, his marvelous acuteness of sense perception and his enormous imaginative power enabled him to reconstruct a picture of the Napoleonic era so large, so real, so live, that it remains the crowning masterpiece of his-

torical fiction, a novel of amazing freshness and vitality. The effect of this work together with Zola's *Debâcle* (referring to Sedan) has been a new literary attitude towards war. The effect, says Kropotkin, "was already apparent during the great Turkish war of 1877-78, when it was absolutely impossible to find in Russia a correspondent who would have described how 'we have peppered the enemy with grape-shot' or 'how we shot them down like nine-pins.' If a man could have been found to use in his letters such survivals of savagery, no paper would have dared to print them. The general character of the Russian war-correspondent had grown totally different; and during the same war there came to the front such a novelist as Garshin and such a painter as Vereschagin, with whom to combat war became a life work."

IN America, the new literary treatment of war is best seen in the artistic study of panic and heroism during the Civil War by Stephen Crane, *The Red Badge of Courage*, in which a lad who throws his gun away and lives to fight another day returns a hero after some exciting tramping in the wilderness, where among other things he encountered a soldier bent on keeping his rendezvous with death at an appointed place.

A social pamphlet of great importance provoked by the bloody battle of Solferino in 1859 was *Un Souvenir de Solferino* (1862) by Henri Dunant, the founder of the Red Cross, whose vivid account of the effects of war in the gruesome condition of the wounded on the battlefield started the movement that led to the Geneva Convention.

Another pamphlet, though in form a novel, is by the daughter of an Austrian general, Bertha van Suttner, and gives a pacifist's view of war. It presents the story of a woman living through the wars of Prussia in 1864, 1866 and 1870-71. This novel, *Nieder mit den Waffen!* (there are at least three English versions, *Ground Arms!*, *Disarm, Disarm!*, and *Lay down your Arms!*) has been compared by enthusiastic critics to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

This war upon war recalls Mark Twain's "War Prayer" which was withheld from publication until after his death because the author, his biographer informs us, "did not care to invite the public verdict that he was a lunatic, or even a fanatic with a mission to destroy the illusions and traditions and conclusions of mankind."

A splendid piece of writing, and incidentally a powerful indictment of the military mind, is Bernard Shaw's account of the Dunshawai affair of June, 1906, in the Preface to *John Bull's Other Island*, a glowing, rich, and energetic passage.

A burning passage on the war in retrospect from an unpatriotic British subject's point of view occurs in D. H. Lawrence's *Kangaroo*. Galsworthy's *Mob* is a

study in war-time psychology. Toller's *Massemensch* is a study of the masses in revolution.

Two of the saddest comments on war, however, conveying a heartbreaking sense of the bankruptcy of military civilization are *Heart Break House* by Bernard Shaw and Romain Rolland's play *Liluli*.

The realistic, or naturalistic treatment of war by combatants has aroused bitter controversy. *Three Sol-*

diers by Dos Passos and the disillusioned drama *What Price Glory?* are still fresh in memory.

Two European treatments of the war, one by a Frenchman, the other by an Austrian are quite unusual literary achievements, Henri Barbusse's *Under Fire* and Andreas Latzko's *Men In War*. Of the former a German critic has written, "Only a pale gleam lights up the gray sky for those who remain living, the certainty that war, not nations, must be murdered."

Biography: Life or Bow?

E. MERRILL ROOT

I

IN a time like ours, when a World War and a Literature of Disillusion have done their best to bring us death . . . and death more abundantly, it is encouraging that the modern mind has turned, if not to life more abundantly, at least to more abundant writing about life. Necrography is a fashion and a attitude: it is time for biography.

"The bow (bios) is called life (bios), but its work is death," wrote Heraclitus in the dawn of Greece. And we today must sometimes wonder whether the metaphor pun does not apply to our biography. For the critical intellect, sceptical, disillusioned, so realistic that it is seldom real, is indeed a mighty bow—yet a bow that often shoots not Arrows of Longing, but Arrows of Scorning, like *Elmer Gantry*. And is our Biography writing about Life—or about the Bow?

At least it is partly a result of all that was good in the World War. Today all false romance, in the sense of fancy and fallacy, is an abomination not only to Bernard Shaw, but even to us. The modern intellect is at least finely passionate in this: a desire to discard theory and to touch things. Better not shoot Arrows of Longing (we say) than to shoot them at the wrong target!

And this is good. It is good (though inadequate) to have a ferocity of candor that examines even stars with microscopes. We are at least candid in returning to Mr. Kipling's God of Things as They Are (which in Mr. Kipling's case happened to be the God of Things as They Aren't); we are at least bitterly sincere in our return to the Realpolitik of Literature. In spite of our danger, which is that we have fallen into an ironic illusion called disillusion and a romantic faith called realistic scepticism, it is both necessary and noble to try to base ourselves on reality not appearance. Then when the floods of a World War descend (we think) or fall shall not again be great. Better be hard like

Nietzsche than soft like Woodrow Wilson. Like Thomson, we write

"Because a cold rage seizes one at times
To show the bitter, old, and wrinkled truth
Stripped naked of all vesture that beguiles,
False dreams, false hopes, false masks and modes of youth."

And out of this interest in facts, in solid things, in life unidealized, has sprung first our turning from life imagined (as in fiction) toward life studied (as in biography); and second our technique of the acid and the scalpel. At least we hunger for that element of righteousness which we might call its protein—truth.

We despair of attaining life more abundantly, but we wish to appraise life more accurately. Ours is an age of blood and iron: we are all unconsciously Bismarcks of the spirit. War and Revolution gallop through the decades from Chateau-Thierry to Shanghai, trampling down generations like daffodils under a stallion's hoof. Before their impact, weaker writers take refuge in the Ivory Tower; or sterner souls in the Iron Hospital and the Stone Fort. We are conscripts in a terrible age, and our best heritage is the desire (though probably not the destiny) for reality. We turn to Biography because we believe that truth lies not in imagination, but in facts. Biography is the literature of a social state-of-siege.

The greatest social benefit of our biography, then, is its return to life; its brave candor which prefers even hell's reality to heaven's shadow.

II

FROM this candor comes our absorption in psychology. For it is a reaction against an age of surface and sham, of comfort and compromise: against the cozy age before the war. We become more profound, more vital, more lyric, when we realize the psyche as well as the physique. That man can live by bread alone, we know, is good economics—and bad human nature. (Perhaps some of us forget that, nevertheless, it is an exaggeration to say that man shall live by every

word that proceeds out of the mouth of Freud!) The reaction into psychology is a reaction into a third of truth: economics and religion are the other two-thirds. Psychologists sometimes write of the soul as if it were a reality in a vacuum, irrespective of the economic continent and the social climate. The geography of capitalism or communism, the climate of faith or scepticism, are things tangible to the senses of the soul—if a man has any genius for epic intuition. One cannot successfully study the soul and not its soil. On what mood does an age live? What sun—Francis or Bernard Shaw—soars across its sky? What clouds—Calvin or Mencken—shut out its stars? Is Beaudelaire or T. S. Eliot its skull-like moon? Is it that Labrador, Capitalism? Is it an age of faith, when the sun routs shadows and ripens corn, or (like ours) an Ice Age of the spirit? With brilliant exceptions, our biography will remain lyric rather than epic until we attain a higher synthesis of the psychological and the social.

Consider Emily Dickinson. Superficially considered, she seems a problem in psychology: an experiment for the Ivory Laboratory. Surely she, if anyone, was a "life that cut into itself," a St. Simeon not of the Pillar but of the Garden. Yet the tragedy of her soul was a tragedy of the social soil: she suffered not from a complex, but from a theologian: to understand her, we must go not to Freud but to Jonathan Edwards. Yet we should be wrong again if we interpreted her in mere terms of social (any more than psychological) pathology: she was not only a victim, she was also a victor. If she could not "steer humanity," she steered herself. She said to Jonathan Edwards' proud waves: "Thus far—and no farther!" She was a portent on the brow of the time to come; a Christ who had a posterior John the Baptist in the Imagists. She is not only explained by her age, she explains her age. Cloistered, she was the tocsin of the soul; hidden, she blazed like a dancing star; passive, she fought within the battle.

Great biography, then, must transcend the apparent diversity for the metaphysical unity. The natural history of the soul, the economic background, the philosophy of the age, and finally the inner light amid the outer darkness—all these *together* give life to writing about life. In biography, truth is not *ex uno plura* but *e pluribus unum*.

III

CANDOR in our time plays many parts. It is personal and a-social in Strachey—with his beautiful wit, his brilliant sanity that sees life steadily (if in pieces), his reticent devastation and dynamic creation, which work beautifully on eminent mediocrities . . . including Queen Victoria . . . or even on the narrowly great like Florence Nightingale. But Strachey significantly (being an artist) feels the quality of his talent,

and usually chooses for his targets the eminent rather than the transcendent. He does not, so successfully interpret "God's spies." But modern candor is also applied (with less artistic talent but with more patent social value) to national idols. There is abroad in the land the sort of biography which might take as its motto the words of the legendary Washington "Father, I cannot tell a lie!" *Washington* (whether finely done by Woodward, or more gossippingly by Rupert Hughes) . . . *Damaged Souls* by Bradford . . . have the modern technique of the laboratory, and are beneficent even when they have no immortal strength. Candor which whittles down the ikons of the secondary great—which sees that the stained glass of legend often casts a dim, irreligious light—is salutary. Its benefit is that it corrects a false accent in history; its danger is that we may, in the analysis of the many colored glass, lose that synthesis which is the white radiance of eternity.

Apt, at this point of danger, is Holloway's *Whim*, which shows that it is a modern superstition to suppose facts constitute truth. Where there is no vision, the fact perishes. Each biographer creates his object in his own image; and as Max Eastman brilliantly shows, Holloway is a philosophic Menshevik. We fail most, indeed, when we write about the me of nature—the transcendent great. There are two characteristic faults of the psychological method when applied to them.

The first is the temptation to forget, in the fascination of articulate emotion, that though a great soul feels as a person, he also feels *for* persons . . . that though Prometheus suffers, he suffers *for* humanity. . . .

Thus when Strachey's half-sympathetic, half-sadonic candor is applied to one who truly "steers humanity," as in Maurois' *Ariel*, the result is great—and inadequate. We see the personal Shelley—his court through a world hateful or inadequate, like some state that tried in vain not to dwell apart—his will like a strung bow—his greatness against man's littleness. Yet the Shelley who found life, empire, and victory—to whom the present was but a tomb whence might burst a glorious phantom—who prayed that his words might quicken a new life for the world—transcends lyrical psychology. This method perilously approaches Matthew Arnold's "beautiful and ineffectual angel"—which Shaw long ago dismissed. For though Shelley had the sprite-like beauty of *Ariel*, he had also the vision of Zarathustra and the strength of Greatheart. Shelley's psychology without Shelley's ideas is like the physiology of the whole man . . . except his head!

The second weakness is the naive, mechanical simplification of a problem which national heritage, lack of religion, and economic pressure, make subtle. Consider a book equally personal, but with more emphasis on the new psychology as motivation: Krutch's brilliant

duction of the decadent mystic, Poe, almost wholly to sexual impotence rather than partly to lack of full-blooded life and partly to lack of social oxygen. Profound, illuminating, fundamentally true, the book gives a sense of narrowness because it slights Poe's fastidious realism (a national trait, and fostered by the tenuous nitrogen of the age's spiritual atmosphere); and also slights the fact that his creative destiny (not merely his body) found itself thwarted by poverty and national sugar diabetes. Poe's was a personal sickness that, to be sure, he carried in his constitution; but that could have been caught so easily, so fully, and so fatally, only in the social climate of Israfel America. As deep, and wider, is the biography which supplements the psychological with the social—that great book, *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, with its re-creation of American psychology in the Gilded Age. The passivity of the poet in Mark Twain—which should have been an energy and an ecstasy; his reaction of compromise instead of candor, of surrender and not of stimulum, toward the pioneer spirit translated into Big Business, beautifully synthesizes personal and national psychology. The book also is passionate with social vision: the dynamite of a literary Bakunin.

IV

THERE are certain biographies that, standing outside the schools and fashions, do not receive their deserved acclaim. There is Bazelgette's *Thoreau*—with its beautiful proportion of the social, the psychological, the spiritual—its candid facts, yet its sympathetic poetry—its attempt not to limit but to liberate. . . a beautiful book, perhaps the greatest of mod-

ern biographies outside the work of Frank Harris.

Harris, of course, precedes the modern fashion in time, just as he transcends it in genius. He belongs to no school—or rather, he mingles all schools into life which transcends them. In *The Man Shakespeare*, in *Oscar Wilde*, in *Contemporary Portraits*, he writes not journalism but eternalism. He can sear talented mediocrity (in *George Moore*), or interpret God's spies in *Shakespeare* and *Shaw*. He has judgment because he has genius. He is not a-social, but uses art to justify man's ways to God. For biography both full-blooded and full-souled, for artistic genius that makes for social genesis, for his criticism and his creation, Frank Harris is the greatest living American.

OUR worst tendency today is to pitch our age in the key of Mencken . . . to criticize Brobdignagians, but to create Lilliputians . . . to fear above all disease of the spirit sugar diabetes . . . to look from prosaic casements upon the dust of Main Streets that are very forlorn. This is a sign that America is putting away childish things and not seeing as through glasses, rosily. It is a good sign. And of this candor, Biography is one of the most vital manifestations. We are in the lion-stage of Nietzsche's parable: few of us have reached the stage of the child—"innocence is the child, and forgetfulness, a new beginning, a game, a self-rolling wheel, a first movement, a Holy Yea." Supplement the excellence and inadequacy of candor with a new mood of poetry based upon a new metaphysics of faith (like Bergson's *Creative Evolution*), and we shall have death more decadent, and life more abundant. Then Biography, truly, shall be not Writing of the Bow, but Writing about Life.

Books

THESE are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating, you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you. The library,

therefore, of wisdom is more precious than all riches, and nothing that can be wished for is worthy to be compared with it. Whosoever therefore acknowledges himself to be a zealous follower of truth, of happiness, of wisdom, of science, or even of the faith, must of necessity make himself a lover of books.

Richard de Bury in 1344.

"The Full Adventure of the Mind"

We read if we have the true reader's zest and palate, not to grow more knowing, but to be less pent up and bound within a little circle as those who take their pleasure, and not as those who laboriously seek instruction as a means of seeing and enjoying the world of men and affairs. We wish companionship and renewal of spirit, enrichment of thought and the full adventure of the mind; and we desire fair company, and a large world in which to find them.

WOODROW WILSON.



The Critic

—Lynd Ward

Poetry Takes Up a Palm Leaf Fan

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

HOT nights, in a room in New York that opens on a small dead well, make some people think of children they have seen playing on fire escapes; and to travel in a steel coach from Chicago to Albany makes some people think of prisoners in a steel block; for human beings enclosed in steel in summer find existence difficult,—the heat bears on them at its harshest. Persons who think of things like these,—cravers of poetry in human relations as well as on the printed page,—cannot but wonder why Edwin Arlington Robinson chose Tristram and Isolt to write an epic about, and why Edna St. Vincent Millay chose to write upon "The King's Henchman."

Edna Millay was overwhelmed, when she was eighteen or nineteen years old, by the sorrows of earth. She felt them to the quick, to the heart; and that mystic vision, that healing illumination, which resulted in her great poem, "Renascence," really came into existence to comfort her for them. I say this categorically, without having the honor of her acquaintance,—I say it from the strong internal evidence of that poem. We know her experience to have been actual by the lines, incredibly firm, sure, plain, sweet and powerful, of her masterpiece. What happened then to Edna Millay? What dissipated her illumination? Where is it now, the glory and the dream that surely were never felt by her to be outdated? and why is she giving anything less to hungry readers than what was given to her at the beginning of her adult youth?

The penalty of the publication of a great poem is that the author henceforth cannot be let alone until (whether soon or late) he writes another. Yet the time will surely come when poets in such a case will calmly reply,

"No, public! I neither want to give, nor do you want to receive, artistic, clever, emotionally sophisticated verses. If you want *me*, read over again my one great poem; I don't know when it will be that I can write another."

So much for Miss Millay. But she is no exception. Poetry as a whole is relaxed, is staling. Even Vachel Lindsay, even Robert Frost, are growing numb. The single Titan of our times, John Masefield, early knew that the war was drying up the springs of his greatness. He said so, in a memorable passage. Perhaps there had been a piercing personal note in his "August, 1914," when he wrote,

"But heard the news, and went discouraged home,

And brooded by the fire with heavy mind,

With that dumb loving of the Berkshire loam

That breaks the dumb hearts of the English kind."

Of course there are poets not touched by the times. Marguerite Wilkinson is one of these. Her latest poems (the little volume called "Citadels") are singularly living and deep. This writer of the only exultantly happy love poems of our times, such as

"Sunlight and glory! Who is singing of glory?"
is also the impassioned celebrant of the religious joys. She is

" . . . stirred

By echoless music and an unseen light."

But how exceptional is the spirit of this burning poetry! how general the lassitude to which it seems "embarrassing, almost indelicate"! How amazed one would be to see it in a magazine! Though it should have all the weight and state of Vaughan's poems, or the conceptual splendor of Herbert,—poets whose style it does approach at its best, this poetry can hardly be conceived of as appearing in our monthlies.

I SUPPOSE the principal reasons for our poetry keeping itself cool, comfortable and dilettante over a mediaeval romance, in these days, are reasons connected with the war. The undertow of cynicism that follows a war; and exhaustion from the weight of knowledge of the immensity of human woe; despair (of a sort) upon realizing that the world is so much more safe for woe than it was before the war. These produce perhaps a shrugging distaste for those righteously indignant protests we used to write, trying to prick the tame bull of public opinion with our barbs of exclamations over misery and oppression. We acquire a feeling that those protests of ours were incredibly naive, that they were the result of poor psychology, that they perverted our talents, and relieved not a little of the misery after all. Such, I think, are some of the ingredients of the present condition.

Individually we find that whatever lowers our ordinary estimate of ourselves lowers our whole vitality. Much more thoroughly the vitality of poets and other such prophetic interpreters of life is bound to be lowered when human nature's estimate of itself, over wide ranges of population, is subtly let down. And now, over wide ranges, the population we are units of, has apparently grown to feel itself earthier, more ignoble, more gullible, more perishable, and life less worth its while than life seemed to most people a generation ago. The heavenly heaven is dim, and the earthly heaven of social faith is dimming too. The ears of all of us have been numbed by the murmurous sound, whenever we stop to listen,

" . . . a lot of bunk, . . . a lot of bunk,
 . . . a lot of bunk."

Would that the poets could and would be silent until strength and splendor come flooding into their hearts again! In a moment it might happen, in the twinkling of an eye; and then their trump would sound, and we should all be changed by their power.

It is impossible that, sincerely reading these poems that are issued to us in books, in magazines, we should not know the difference. We know the difference in the old poets; and if we ignored literary fashion and popular presentability in our own reading, we should as soon know it in the poets of today. I think we all do know it anyway, but refrain from saying so. In our hearts we all know that there is far too much poetry in the world. Every poet, or almost every one, writes too much, and gives body to many a thought far too vacuous to deserve it. And this is not entirely due to the times, the after-war desuetude. No, part of it is an old, a very old evil. I mean the blight of professionalism. Only try the words "professional" and "poet" together, to see how they hate each

other. The word "poetry" manifests an infinite repulsion from the word "professional." Poetic passion is as wild as any other passion, next to love; it blows where it listeth, and no writer can tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth, nor how long it will be gone.

BUT all these reasons, separately and together, seem to me not to furnish a complete explanation for what is happening to poetry, why poets fail to cultivate their necessary silences. There is a deeper reason, I think. The joy of creative living is such that whenever it flies away, the heart finds it hard to endure the sense of flatness and forsakenness that fills the interval. Instead of kissing a joy as it flies, we run after it with salt, hoping to sprinkle its tail; and if we succeed in catching some other bird, or birdlike creature, we try to believe it is the same. It is a touching, a highly human thing that the poets do. It is what everybody tends to do after his own high moments. And readers too hug the delusion; and because they have loved that poet's high moments, they cherish all that he writes.



The Swing

We all alike, I think, need an equivalent for our creative joy, a substitute that frankly is a substitute. What I am about to propose to poets (for I will limit my prescription temporarily to them), may appear quaint, and may appear preachy;—may arouse more than ever the murmurs that surround us all,

“ . . . a lot of bunk . . . a lot of bunk,
 . . . a lot of bunk. . . . ”

But there is one thing that keeps this notion of mine from being altogether bunk,—however, I anticipate. Let me say what the notion itself is. It is that poets, in these intervals between passionate creations, should take part in useful manual labor. I once saw a pictorial representation of history, with a Utopian post-script, in which “The poets of the Future” were represented by a young man with a spade and a woman hanging out clothes. Mediaevalism gives us warrant for this, as well as giving us knightly romances for subjects of poetry;—perhaps there is some connection, who knows?—and we have philosophical warrant for it. But its true justification if it works, would be in its effect, both upon poets themselves, especially those in whose poems the reader sometimes feels a sort of *gone-ness* which might be imputed, perhaps, to an evident divorce from humble activities connected with physical needs,—and upon unknown persons who need vacations from too much manual labor. Someone who needs a vacation, and whose place a so-called “brain-worker” might take temporarily, might conceivably write a poem of his own.

I SUPPOSE I am under a perpetual spell from that sweet and gay future of which I am always to some degree aware. For now I find that I cannot write about the poets today taking up their palm leaf fans without bethinking myself how different will be the poetry,—how much smaller the output from any *one*, how much larger the number of poets,—in the future. Underneath all that variegated pleasantness and reasonableness and creative consciousness of the lives of others which I so clearly foresee, the foundation is always visible. It is the desire of giving joy, the enmity toward giving pain, the natural and cultivated spirit of respect for sentient being, man and beast. And one cannot contemplate such a future very long without having it occur to him that multitudes of our fellow mortals (if not all), possess each a fund of hidden vital wisdom, gleaned and processed out of his own sweats of pain and glows of joy, which is the very stuff of poetry and other arts. Given leisure from the excess of manual labor which absorbs so many, body and soul; from this one and that one (whichever it might come into a poet's way to release for a creative moment), might issue a small lyric, a ballad, a quatrain,—perhaps a galloping rough epic, better in essential quality than anything the other poet could himself

have produced from sitting down to rehash those few vitally significant moments of his own which he had already presented once (unforgettably, perhaps), to the world.

I therefore propose to poets, in all seriousness, that they shall so arrange their lives that in the intervals when they are not freshly inspired by great, living and profound moments of inner experience, they resort to socially necessary labor, and thus graciously (how much more graciously than by money given!) release some potential artist for a holiday. For themselves I believe they will find the practice deeply comforting, resting the spirit, simplifying the life. There is a subtle potency in it, I believe, when brotherlike done; and Oh! I think it is the surest lure there is to bring back . . . but no! I won't breathe that hot acquisitive breath upon two things so human and divine.

Mother

WHAT secret have you kept that you cannot say?
 What have your eyes to tell that they brood on
 me now?

Your hand is peace on my brow.
 What have I lost? What have I thrown away?

Be still. Your words are all spoken, and my words
 Turn into prose and falter at your smile.

Hold me a while.
 Our hearts come close like wind-bewildered birds.

There is a moon outside. It is a night for fun.
 From summer and from the city I shall take what I
 need.

You will sit here and read.
 You are happier than I shall be when I have done.

I am afraid. I think how the wind will put us apart.
 I wonder, will I learn the quiet in your touch?

Will I love someone so much?
 Will I carry pain till it is peace in my heart?

Dream

IT is earth keeps me whatever I have said.
 Whatever I have sworn I shall go back to her.
 She will claim every wanderer;
 She will bring every lover to her bed.

When I am tired I feel her hand on my breast
 Weigh like a silence where your hand has tossed.
 Love me, or I am-lost.
 Longing to sleep, I serve her passion best.

God knows I am married to her whatever I said,
 And you are a dream, and I am dreaming all this.
 I shall wake to her wild kiss,
 Her breasts of granite, her thighs of wind instead.

GEORGE H. DILLON.

Realism as Escape from Reality

ZONA GALE

IN many towns of the South, the "color" question seems to have been provided with a middle ground. Thirty years ago, among the Negroes, the all-black face was the rule, the half-white the exception. Now, on the streets of some of these towns, the quadroon and octaroon are everywhere to be met. No change is noted in the argument concerning the "Negro problem"; the same words are used in the same way to state the reasons why a color line should be maintained and emphasized. And yet these mute evidences of an unspoken situation multiply.

The realists and romanticists have always been not so certain that they had set up a wall. Realism the reflection of life as it is. Romanticism the portrait of life as it might be, as it invisibly is, or as it was long ago. The two tastes have had their day, their devotees. Now abruptly there appears a middle ground, quite unintended by either.

This middle ground can not be a reproach to the romanticists. They have gone their way, tranquil in their intention to create for man Another Way, to show him a world which his routine never could suspect. They have builded for him towers and temples; summits and cloudy shores have formed at their touch; the dreams and desires of five thousand years have found forms and signs for his brief wish-fulfillments. The romanticists have created the great fairy-lands of the planet. They have gone out in the seven directions, and have completed the octave by entering within and of late revealing the inner fairy-land of a man's life, that one which he himself may not have known or divined. The romanticist has always remained true to his hope: to create life anew.

THE fault lies with the realist. For a long time he too remained true to his task: the photographic representation of external life, with as much between the lines as the author could put there. But in any case, external life as it is. Recently he has gone farther than the earlier realists would ever have believed possible, in either writer or reader. I quote from an earlier article of my own on the Novel and the Commonplace:

"It is as if all the banalities of our lives—brushes, combs, coat-hangers, the defiling and scouring of dishes, the idiotic recreations, the stodgy generalizations, the sad commercialism, the tragic nothings which collect about us were abruptly to cry out in a single voice in these books. . . . Such novels are merely saying: 'Look at us. Us gods, fallen into more kinds of pits than seemed possible.' They are mere recording voices, conversational, table-talking voices, saying:

'My dear gods, not only in your crises but at your very breakfasts, you are in a pit of your own digging.'"

All this was bound not to satisfy the realist, either as writer or reader. The realist writer was quick to see that his public demanded something else. If he had searched the divine discontent of his readers, he might have found there the sound reproach: "You are a writer. A presumable artist. It is the function of art to reveal to us others that which we cannot see for ourselves. If you claim that art has no function, then admit that art reveals certain depths merely because it cannot help itself. But you have not been doing that. You have merely used a photograph of us. Is that all that art can do?"

The realists knew very well that this was not all that art could do. They knew that they had been employing a camera instead of a brush, using a victrola instead of writing symphonies. And yet they knew too, that they had a method which not all the romanticists of earth had ever equalled: that abrupt, compact, sincere style, which would not bother with all the circumlocution and decoration of the romantic manner. They had learned the value of elision, of implication, of that which lives and breathes and grows between the lines. They had seen a vision of the novel as an organic thing rather than as a built-up thing. The psychological novel was here, as neither Meredith nor James had ever hoped for it. These men were writing for the fit and few, but the realists of today were writing novels of psychology for the unfit and the many, and at the same time uncovering fields of ore among these unfit and many themselves. And it was because of the desire to reach the many with the "new realism", that the realists were guilty of exploiting that middle ground, which is passing for realism sometimes today—a middle ground as remote from reality as the romanticism from which they revolted.

What had they done? They had kept the outer features of the "new realism," they had kept the use of the common-place, the banal, even the sordid; they had kept the theme and the problem admitted to the new realistic novel; they had stayed close enough to life in all that had made these novels a seven-days wonder; but they had ceased to face society as it is, social problems and situations as they are, national and racial life as it presents itself in fact; and they had slipped into what may be called the realism of sensationalism, the realism of typewriting, as opposed to the realism of individual and national characterization. Or—and this was still more dangerous—they had kept the social situation, modern, actual, recognizable, and

then had developed it by a group of automatons, moving through the events of the story as puppets, acting as the story demanded and not as human beings would act.

If I may be pardoned for a personal diversion, I know this because I have done it more than once. In a recent magazine story of mine, I handled a present-day situation by the use of three type-characters, resolving them and their reactions as my story required, and not as they would have acted, had they been accurately characterized. This was brought home to me with some force. And I realized of what criminal carelessness a realistic writer may be guilty, in this present moment of richness of material beyond that which writers have ever known.

The challenge of realism is to write to the real. If a writer sees only the externals of the real, then that is his reality. If he sees deeper into life and into beings, and can write of that deeper reality, then that is his way of meeting the challenge. But his way, assuredly, is never to pretend to write realistically of present-day situations, and then to handle them sensationally, or with an eye to his "market." For when

he does this, not the romanticists in their wildest flights are farther from reality.

IT is predictable that realism and romanticism are the same thing. That this deeper insight into reality will permit, in time, flights of romantic writing on the subject of reality itself which no mere teller of tales has ever yet accomplished. To be guilty of quoting from myself once more:

"The function of the novel is not to treat of life as it appears to the ordinary eye; or even to treat life in its ordinary aspect, if that were ascertainable. It is not even to treat of life as it should be, if that were ascertainable. Its function is not primarily to report the familiar at all. The function of the novel is to reflect the familiar as permeated by the unfamiliar; to reflect the unknown in its daily office of permeating the known. . . .

"To use his divination to clarify the interpenetrating beauty of common life, and to draw down still other beauty; not to manufacture it from unreality but to discern it in reality and to reflect it; and then to pour this beauty through the clear crystal of a form as honest as a milk bottle—there lies the novelist's lovely, his imperative task."



Julien Sorel

—From *The Bookman*, January, 1926



Elsie Dinsmore

—From *The Bookman*, January, 1926

The Social Costs of Literature

H. C. ENGELBRECHT

WHAT is the relation between an artist and the society in which he lives? Does the writer's environment help or hinder him? Or is it of consequence whatever? This question seems to occupy Americans more than it does others; and because, perhaps, we feel rather keenly the absence of "giants in the earth"? Symposia have been held repeatedly with artists and critics expounding their views and recounting their experience, but these served only to show how wide is the divergence of opinion in this matter.

The problem is as difficult and as moot as that of the individual and his environment. Carlyle's men like gods who fashioned the world to their liking are as mythological as the Greek Titans. On the other hand, we substitute impersonal "movements," "trends of the times," "social forces," "group spirit" for these means to keep us in the field of legend. Every significant "movement" has a strong throbbing heart of vital individuals. Similarly in literature. There may be reason to say that the individual writer produces literature irrespective of his surroundings; there may be good grounds for the opposite contention. In the presence of conflicting testimony it would be rash to be dogmatic. It may be worth the effort to review the case of both in the light of many examples.

We turn first to the thesis that literature depends wholly on the individual. Literature in the past has been written by men from every social class and occupation. Byron was of the nobility, Burns, of the peasantry; Bunyan was a tinker, Richardson a printer, Defoe a merchant, Swift an ecclesiastic, Lamb a clerk, Arnold a school inspector, Newman a Cardinal, Knut Hamsun a street car conductor. The individual has broken through his class and his occupation in order to produce important literature.

Great books are written by men of all political affiliations. Tories like Horace Walpole and Disraeli survey their scene; Liberals like Macaulay and Morley do it equally well. Radicals like Kingsley and Morris are in all the texts. And even turncoats like Dryden make their mark in literature. The political party has not proved a hindrance to an artist.

THE most diverse circumstances of life have characterized literary production: extreme poverty and great wealth, lifelong agony and abounding health, unconventional and generally approved living, and open scandal punished by public disfavor. Ovid wrote in exile while Virgil basked in imperial favor. Milton

was blind, Beethoven was deaf and Samuel Johnson deafened. Helen Keller overcame the handicap of lacking three of five senses. John Bunyan, Marco Polo, Silvio Pellico and Oscar Wilde wrote in prison. Mary Lamb and Cowper (and the "Jane Hillyer" of the recent *Reluctantly Told*) lived for long periods in the shadows. Chatterton, Goldsmith, Stephen Crane and George Gissing fought hard battles with poverty and even hunger. De Quincy was an addict of opium and Poe was a victim of alcoholism. Amid this great diversity of external circumstance the individual artist wrote of life as he saw it.

Literary men have further worked with distinction whether glorifying their age or up in arms against it. Virgil wrote the epic of imperial Rome, proudly linking that boulder state seeking a pedigree with the venerable Troy of Homeric fame through Aeneas. Dante's *Divina Commedia* is the apotheosis of the thirteenth century despite its bitter criticism of popes and churchmen in the *Inferno*. Spenser sang of the marvelous sixteenth English century and its great Faerie Queen. Schiller became the spokesman of the waking nationalism in nineteenth century Germany through his *Wilhelm Tell*, *Maria Stuart*, *Die Jungfrau von Orléans*, *Wallenstein*, *Abfall der Niederlande*, and other works. Walter Scott found great public approval by his patriotic novels and verse. Kipling's imperialism was the glory of the men of Tell el-Kebir, Fashoda, Mandalay, Kimberly, Calcutta, and Hongkong.

BUT even more often literature has been in revolt against the age. Juvenal castigated his times in biting satires. A more violent denunciation than Peter Damiani's *Liber Gomorrhianus*, an attack on the clergy of the eleventh century, has hardly been penned. Erasmus in his *Praise of Folly* assailed the idiocies of his day with keen rapier thrusts. Thomas More's *Utopia* minces no words in recounting the evils of Henry VII's England. Dean Swift used a poison pen against the foibles of his age and the barbarities in Ireland. Voltaire railed all his days against *l'infame*, the power of the corrupt and superstitious clergy. Mark Twain's bitter and cynical contempt of life is mirrored best in *The Mysterious Stranger*. Anatole France never wearied of telling the world as urbanely as possible that it was really quite impossible. Henry Adams thought so "highly" of his day that he considered the publication of his *Mont St. Michel and Chartres* "a mad venture of faith" in which he would have neither part nor parcel. And thus on and on through Ibsen

and Strindberg and Bernard Shaw and Thomas Hardy and Samuel Butler and George Gissing and Frank Norris and Jack London and Olive Schreiner and Randolph Bourne and Andreas Latzko and Robert Herrick and Sherwood Anderson and Upton Sinclair and Sinclair Lewis and——.

This becomes even more significant when we consider that entire social groups which are suppressed and despised have risen in protest and shouted their defiance to that oppressing society. There is the case of the nineteenth and twentieth century Russians who championed the rights of the people: Dostoevsky, Turgeniev, Gogol, Tolstoi, Stepniak, Kropotkin, Herzen, Gorki, Andreyev, etc. Despite harsh suppressions they brought their protest to book in a very imposing series of volumes. Then there are the Jews and the Negroes. Both have fought valiantly against prejudice and oppression and many disabilities and their voice was heard. Ludwig Lewisohn, Israel Zangwill, Abraham Cahan, Booker T. Washington, W. E. B. DuBois and the "New Negro" have made the cause of these groups understood everywhere.

All this seems to indicate that literature is solely a concern of the individual without the least reference to society. A great man and mind will produce great literature irrespective of the accidentals and externals of life. It is a fact of the very first importance that so much of the world's greatest literature is protest. The artist could not identify himself with his age, so he flung volume after volume at the heads of those whom he despised and even loathed. Seemingly then, society has nothing to do with the writing of literature except to furnish "social and economic background" for the writer and for text books.

This appears the more true when we take into account that much of verse, drama and even fiction is "timeless." It might just as well be dated 500 B.C. as 1000 A.D. References to society, customs, ideas, if any exist, are inconsequential. A poet of the reign of Khufu, the Pyramid Builder and a contemporary of "Cowboy" Calvin, might easily bridge the centuries when singing the sunset. The Persian adoring the bulbul and the peri and the Westerner glorifying the wildflower and the skylark have no apparent connection with their own times and lands.

DESPITE the strong case of the individualist, the fact is unescapable that the artist has definite connections with the age in which he lives. The surroundings in which he grows up are certain to influence him. The ideals of his time are always with him. And whether society approves, flatters, patronizes, or disapproves, scorns, neglects or opposes him, it has great possibilities for making or breaking him. We shall try to illustrate this with American examples.

One need be neither a despiser of America nor an

admirer of all that is foreign in order to venture the statement that a balance sheet of the last fifty years would show that America has been no match for several European countries in literature. We have much talent, good observers and reporters, able craftsmen yet somehow we fall behind. Why? It is not merely that we produce no Shakespeares and Miltons, but also that it would take great and persistent efforts to overcome the obstacles placed in the way of a great writer by American environment. Not that America is not rich, immeasurably rich in materials for the writer but rather that America through its present dominating ideals, organization, its methods of approval and patronage would tend to wreck the great endowment of the writer.

Let us be specific. Our American life is too cheap and shallow. Most of our Presidents, as Bryce said long ago, are unimportant, insignificant men. The highest expression of American philosophy is Pragmatism, on its theoretical side a declaration of bankruptcy. The American contribution to psychology is Behaviorism, a device for eliminating troublesome problems by ignoring them. For too many our best known dispensers of idealism is Eddie Guest. Too often our best known heroes (before the Lindbergh era) are Babe Ruth and Rudolph Valentino. The longest theater run was achieved by Abie's Irish Rose. For the average the most fascinating subject of conversation is: How many miles do you make to a gallon? Our idea of fellowship is the backslapping of Rotary and Kiwanis.

THIS cheapness and shallowness of life is reflected in our literature. The last fifteen years have stirred the country to the very bottom. The same force was of course felt in other countries. Men became genuinely angry and in the hardest and bitterest language they could summon they denounced the war and the warmakers. In France appeared Barbusse's *Under Fire* and Romain Rolland's *Liluli*; in Austria Stefan Zweig's *Jeremias* and Latzko's *Men in War*; in Germany Friedrich's two terrible volumes, *Krieg und Kriege*, and Toller's *Massemensch und Hinkemann*. What was the American reflection? Perhaps Dos Passos might be grouped here and "What Price Glory?" with Upton Sinclair limping after them. Knowing what we do of the war, why has it not left a deeper impress on American writing? We have, of course, made a searching and important contribution to the anti-war movement in many historical and economic studies, but in literature proper we lag behind.

Take, too, our economic situation. America is leading in the mechanization of life. The rest of the world is "rationalizing its industries", that is, becoming Americanized. Here is a huge drama going on before our very eyes with incalculable possibilities for human welfare and human suffering, with an entire

er world in prospect for better or for worse. How few American writers have had the imagination to work with this powerful material! The shallowness of our life prevents them from seeing.

There exists also in America a great paucity of ideas. We are fast, we worship speed, and we never slow up enough to reflect. We are a people of action and we scorn ideas. What "ideas" we have deal with organization or the solution of practical problems. Beyond that lies evil and danger. We have therefore standardized our life to so appalling an extent that an intelligent visitor to our shores is immediately appalled by the uniformity achieved by such regimentation.

This, too, has had its effect upon our literature. More and more we realize that great modern fiction hardly ignore ideas. How to introduce them in the framework of a novel is a much discussed problem. Much of the best recent work, "ideas" occupy a prominent position. Bertha von Suttner in *Ground for Arms!* included everything from a refutation of biological and ecclesiastical arguments for war to a criticism of the peace organizations. H. G. Wells in *The World of William Clissold* has abandoned all plot in order to summarize his philosophy of life. Bernard Shaw prefaces his dramas with lengthy discussions of the ideas he is propounding in his opus. Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*, Jensen's *The Long Journey*, Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*, Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe* and *The Soul Enchanted*, Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*, and a host of others are brimming full with ideas that are alive in the civilization from which they sprang. America is the exception. Our highest achievements are Henry Adams in *The Education of Henry Adams* (also in his novel *Democracy*) and Cabell's *Jurgen*. Then might follow the tracts of Upton Sinclair and the diatribes of Sinclair Lewis and the fire and brimstone of Edwige Lewisohn.

AMERICA further lacks deep emotions. We "slobber over sentimental plays and sniffle over sentimental songs." When we are deeply stirred we yell for twenty or a hundred minutes continuously, thereby creating a record. Having done that we are relieved. Or we organize the "biggest reception in history," tearing up more newspapers, telephone books and ticker tape than ever before and then we return to normalcy with a "that's that!"

The emotions are the fires that forge great things. Overwhelming joy or ecstasy will fire the imagination for the vision of great art. Contrariwise, deep suffering will do the same, and probably more often. Most great things are mothered by sorrow and nursed by suffering. Goethe found life so difficult that he declared himself unwilling to relive more than a score

of days if that were possible. Leonardo da Vinci, Leopardi, Schopenhauer, all produced in suffering. America has not learned to rejoice nor to suffer. Strange as it may sound America has neither suffered nor truly experienced joy sufficiently to produce great literature. And so we must endure a deluge of shallow, inconsequential books, not penned, as Milton would have them, with the lifeblood of the writer, but with an eye to the possible profits from books, serials and moving picture rights.

FINALLY another important point: the lack of a critical and understanding audience in America. In recent years there has been repeated rejoicing because American readers are growing more discriminating. Our best sellers have become books on philosophy, education, history and biography. But the better audience is extremely doubtful. *Liberty* and *The Saturday Evening Post* are our "leading" magazines. For every good magazine on "Quality Street" there are twenty cheap ones with twenty times the circulation on Just Folks Street. Zane Grey, Oliver Curwood, Peter Kyne, Harold Bell Wright, Mary Roberts Rinehart are our "great" novelists. One suspects that Durant is read for his anecdotes and his elimination of practically everything that before the Durant era was labeled philosophy. If there be gladness that Bertrand Russell finds readers in America, remember that Count Keyserling has probably as many. And then there is the appalling ignorance even among critics of the past. The history and the literature of other ages mean nothing to them. They have never come close to the world of Homer or Aristophanes, Dante, Machiavelli, Goethe or Schiller. Even Shakespeare and Milton are unknown. The best writers want a discriminating audience, which is more readily found in Europe than in America. Now and then a Samuel Butler will order that his greatest work be published only after his death, or a Melville will toil for eleven years, even though his age thinks him unimportant, but most others wither away when they have no audience. At present the American audience is too lacking in sound judgment, too generous to mediocre minds, to be any encouragement to the best writers.

If America wants a great literature it must pay for it—not merely with great individuals but also socially. We are witnessing a strange thing today in this country. A great number of talented youths start out jauntily to become "writers." After a few promising volumes they have reached the end of their rope. They have nothing more to say, so they repeat themselves. They do not grow to maturity, do not develop wisdom and knowledge of life. They merely report life, without letting life be broken up into its component parts like light passing through a prism and then recombining it as in a kaleidoscope. "They are dominated by

life, instead of dominating it." The fine promise and enthusiasm of youth is followed by death instead of maturity.

This failure to develop mature and ever-growing talents is, I believe, the failure of America. Like some of the trees in Yellowstone Park the writers find that they cannot strike root and grow. The soil is too shallow and rocky. It leads only too often to arrested and stunted development, and then to death. Something in the American scene seems to glorify mediocrity, conformity, and gifted writers often make that choice in order to enjoy public favor. An America that develops soundness and depth in its thinking and its emotions will find itself with a literature worthy of that new soul. But without that revolution it will take a mighty character and a powerful genius to produce great American literature—and that in spite of present-day America.



A Barn in Rothenburg

—J. J. Lankes

The Cynics

BETWEEN old Pan and Pandemonium
Our lives hold all too little interlude.
Our day's bassoon, our blood's euphonium,
The old gods set the tone in the old, old feud.

Thin, flapping tatters on a line to dry
Between the walls of two grim tenements
With far away a handkerchief of sky. . . .
Behold our triumphs, failures, ravishments!

Brief, casual notes dictated but unread,
Soon burdening the air less than a flower,
Our lives are published but unedited,
Dull testimonials to an ancient power.

We would change dreams to truth—gray sleep betray
us:

End war—our arms are held by greed and hate;
And build a new Atlantis—change dismays us.
We would reshape our lives—it is too late.

RALPH CHEYNEY.

Summons

WE heard a Voice beyond all Voices calling
Across our pleasant bondage, our young
dreams,

And we laid down our light-heart youth to follow
Dim bugles, distant gleams;

Some dared the breach with mirth and some with
sorrow

Some drew the sword with prayer and some for gain
But all of us cried on that great Tomorrow
Built shining from our pain,

We spent our youth to break the walls around us,
Scarring our hands to tear away the bars—
The careless children that we freed the land for
Pass, laughing at our scars.

We gave ourselves that they might reap in laughter
These broad fair fields that we might never own,
The gift is made—but what thing has come after?
Fields trampled, overgrown. . . .

A Voice beyond all Voices sent us forward—
What matters laughter now or maiming then?
We who could hear, before unsummoning silence,
Are blest beyond all men.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.



Building Tomorrow's World

Team Work Between Two Worlds

NOT long ago my college class held a memorial service for the classmates whom death had taken from us in a period of twenty years. The occasion led me to reflect upon the place that death has in the building of tomorrow's world and to ask myself, "In what ways, if any, is it possible for adventurous personalities to pierce the veil of death and establish some sort of cooperation with comrades on the farther side?"

Many people regard Death as man's worst enemy, "the last enemy that shall be destroyed" as Paul put it, and I suppose we all feel rightly that Death often is a great enemy and that when it sweeps out of sight a beloved friend, or mows down the youth of the world in war, famine or disease, it is a social evil which ought to be prevented. We rejoice in the efforts of doctors, social workers and others to lower the death rate. Christians think of heaven as a land where death has been vanquished and this is one of the reasons why they consider it a happy land.

WITH all of which I have no quarrel . . . but . . . it has also struck home to me that there may be another side to the picture. And perhaps, after all, it is just as well for our world that death should cleanse it of the infirmities of age. If we had a way of education and of life that would allow us to grow self-satisfied and comparatively content with things-as-they-are, why then, quite possibly, Death would no longer be needed. But as we have no such education or way of life at present and as all people do grow old in body and the majority of them rigid or warped in spirit, Death, so far as I can see, is still socially necessary. I am afraid our world could not get on, and tomorrow's world would not be made better than today's unless Death should help some older folks to give up their jobs, relinquish their controls, and so make room for youth. Death thus cleans the world. And if there is to be a river of new life constantly flowing in through birth, there must be an outlet through death or else will the pres-

sure of life burst all social organization and devastation will follow worse than Mississippi's floods.

Therefore I am disposed to accept the general experience of Death as an aid to the cause of progress and social improvement, and I hope that when Death comes to my friends or me I may be able to meet it in the spirit of voluntary, understanding cooperation and that I may not be racked with the bitterness of forced submission and of sorrow without understanding or hope.

But I want more than this, both for myself and for tomorrow's world. I want comradeship with dear persons to continue and I do not want our world to lose the impulse of any life that was brave or beautiful or good. In a large measure these ends may be conserved, I think, by team-play between persons in two worlds.

No doubt the universe is one, so when I use the words "two worlds" I mean only a mental classification which thinks now of life on this side of death and now of life beyond it. That there is a life beyond and that personality, individuality, character continues in that life, I assume. My assumption is a leap of faith, a working hypothesis that should stand further testing in the laboratory of life. One of the reasons for writing this article is to ask World Tomorrow readers to help with the testing through *their* experience of the truth or falsity of the ideas advanced.

This precludes the discussion of what happens after death except in so far as there is some reaction upon consciousness functioning here. Therefore this article will not deal with general ideas about heaven; it will not attempt to say what things are like over there.

THE proposition I now put forward is that death can be stopped from extinguishing in this world the visible and tangible expressions of a person's personality *provided* that person has left friends behind on earth who will use their minds and bodies to bring into actuality thoughts, energies or purposes of their "dead" friend.

I don't claim that personality can thus be continued completely, or in the full vigor and beauty of the original, but just as the printing press or the radio can broadcast a person's thought to multitudes who will never see his face or hear his actual voice, so more surely and more vividly can personality be touched by personality and a living impress go forth to wide reaching circles with great power. The personality of Jesus expressed itself strongly through Paul long after the earthly body of Jesus was seen no more by the eyes of men. And so also can my comrade whom I have known well but who is now on the other side of Death, yet express some real part of himself through me in today's world if I am thoroughly willing.

To give such expression through one's life would be to build a living memorial—not a dead thing of wood or stone—but a living continuation on earth of a comrade's life, at least of some part of it living in you. Can your voice utter the word of courage he would have said? Can your face bring a smile of radiant love, a bit like his, into a room where love is needed? Can your hands minister to a brother as his might have done? Can any life purpose of his, get the service of your mind and body to help towards its fulfillment in this world?

The experiment is to test out the answer to such questions by trying to do these things in your life. I do not say that all can succeed but I am suggesting an experiment worth the trial.

Of course we should not want to be imitations of our friends. Each of us must, in the main, express his own personality and not that of another. But the idea I wish to get over is that if there be any good in the cooperation of comrades and influence of spirit upon spirit of those who live this side of death, that then the death of one or another comrade should not be allowed to disrupt and finish all cooperation with the comrade who has gone. I am convinced that a very fruitful kind of teamplay across the line of death is possible. Death can take friends out of our sight and out of our touch, but unless we are willing it cannot take them out of our minds. And if they can be in our minds they can also function through our muscles and so their spirits using our bodies can make real, vivid and actual, unfinished work their lives began.

It is team play, like a forward pass in football. The player to whom the ball is passed carries it where the man who passed it, cannot go; perhaps he makes a touchdown. But in the team play between comrades in two worlds it is not a football which is passed, but the ideas, purposes, faith, perseverance or lovable creation of the spirit—and the game is the contest of life, and the goal is to establish brotherhood and God's Kingdom among men.

There is this further possibility. That when we withdraw our minds from the immediate things of

sound and sense around us and condition ourselves to attend to what our comrades on the other side of death would say, it may be that something new will come to us from them; that it will not be simply old memory but that, beginning with this memory, intuition, a thought will leap across the worlds, coming to us out of the present consciousness of a personality living and creating on the further side of death. Perhaps it will be not so much an idea that we receive as an inflow of calm energy and a fresh charge of spiritual power. But here is a resource of creative evolution and strength, too little drawn upon by many who are all engrossed in the immediate labors of our world.

As I have tried to reach through to one or another friend now living in the world beyond, I have discovered that a few of those best beloved have a real power of spiritual return. They come back. They come back to me after many years. They do not fade out. And when they come they give me courage, insight, peace and power out of their land of glory.

Can not an experience of *come-back* like this help to understand better the New Testament resurrection stories? Jesus' personality made so deep an impression upon his friends that they could not for long think of him as dead. Entirely aside from whatever was told of his appearing again, the real important fact of experience, the permanent residue which continued, was the conviction of disciples that Jesus still lived and lived in companionship with them. By faith, by prayer, by love and by work for his Kingdom they found that they could enter into a fellowship of the spirit from which Jesus was not absent and to which he and they could constantly return. Call it mysticism, if you will, but acknowledge this, that out of that team work with Jesus after the Crucifixion was born the Christian Church and power of the spirit that sent Christians out into the far places of the Roman world to challenge evil and to make life beautiful by courage, by fellowship, by long suffering, by unselfish dying love.

If, in our day, we would have power to build our world for tomorrow without war, race hatred and economic exploitation of others, and if we would establish here and now groups of fellowship that shall put forth the full energies of love, then we too shall need to have connections with personality in the unseen world. Power from there can renew our minds and charge our bodies so that we be not conformed to this world or get disillusioned or cynical or tired. If we can condition our spirits to fellowship and cooperation with Jesus and God, that is best. But it may be more possible for some to penetrate the unseen, first, through the doorway of a person one has seen, touched, loved and known.

JOHN NEVIN SAYRE.

Not in the Headlines

AGNES A. SHARP

China's Nationalist Movement

The American Committee for Justice to China says, "Our own opinion, formed by reading such documents and letters have reached us, is about as follows: "The Nationalist Movement overreached itself. It tried to digest too many provinces, generals and armies at once. Successful as was its propaganda revolt, its educational work could not move fast enough to keep up with the nominal extent of its control. Therefore the movement lost unity and drive which it is now seeking to recover."

Military Training by Correspondence

Students enrolled in the Army Correspondence Courses, conducted by the Department of War, exceed 30,000. These students are largely reserve officers and represent nearly every walk of life and occupation. A total of 321 sub-courses are prepared under the supervision of the Operations and Training Division of the War Department General Staff, and are, in most cases, actually given up in the special service schools of the Army. The instructional work, issue of texts and lessons, and the grading and comment of the students' papers, is carried on in the headquarters of the nine Corps Areas of the Country, by selected Regular Army Officers.

Lynchings in 1927

According to the records compiled at Tuskegee Institute in the Department of Records and Research in the first six months of 1927 there were 9 lynchings. This number is the same as for the first six months of the years 1925 and 1926; it is 4 more than the number 5 for the first six months of 1924, 6 less than the number 11 for the first six months of 1923, 21 less than the number 30 for the first six months of 1922, and 27 less than the number 36 for the first six months of 1921. All of the persons lynched were Negroes. The offenses charged were murder, 4; attempted murder, 2; rape, 1; improper conduct, 1; charge not reported, 1. The states in which lynchings occurred and the number in each state were: Arkansas, 2; Louisiana, 1; Mississippi, 4; Missouri, 1; Texas, 1.

Lynchers "Losing Caste"

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People announces that there is a steadily growing expression of sentiment in the South that tends to make lynching a disreputable sport. More and more the influential agencies of the white South are putting the stamp of their disapproval on lynching and mob violence. This fact can be contrasted with 20 years ago, before the Association began its propaganda and exposé of lynching. At that time editors, preachers, politicians, and even government officials either condoned or justified lynching. The Association now has in its possession evidence that most Southern editors of the larger newspapers, as well as government officials, a few politicians and some preachers, are openly opposing lynching.

The Way Industry Would Have Us Go

The National Association of Manufacturers is forming a committee of 100 to draw up a platform for the guidance of both the Republican and Democratic parties at their national conventions next year.

Students Take Inter-Racial Stand

"In view of recent outrages in Little Rock, Arkansas, Jackson, Mississippi, near Houston, Texas, and other places in the Southwest, we, the Council of Christian Associations, being an inter-racial group, representing the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations in the colleges and universities of Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma, and the colored colleges of Louisiana take this means of expressing to you our conviction that race relations in the Southwest should be improved by increased activity of the inter-racial commissions. We request that students be placed on all state inter-racial commissions, because, first: Christian student opinion on this subject has a right to be considered; this Council is rightfully concerned about a Christian adjustment of human relationships; and second, because the inter-racial commissions will in turn secure a direct means of influencing student opinion, and through it, public opinion. We the Council therefore offer our services to the inter-racial commissions of the states in the Southwest in helping to influence public opinion and to guarantee, first: equal justice in the courts to all races, and second: elimination of mob violence at all costs."

Hollister, Mo., June 17, 1927.

Costs of Living Here and Abroad

Living costs encountered by wage earners' families, which fairly accurately reflect fluctuations in the general retail price level, in Italy at present are 16 per cent higher than they were at the peak in 1921, and more than six times what they were in 1914: living costs in France are about 50 per cent higher than at the inflation peak of 1920-21, and more than five times as great as before the war. In Great Britain, Canada and the United States, living costs have been fairly stable ever since 1922; they are now, in Great Britain, 38 per cent lower than at the high point in 1920, but still 64 per cent higher than at the beginning of the war; in Canada, they are about 5 per cent below the 1921 peak, but about 57 per cent higher than in 1914; in the United States, about 8 per cent lower than at the height of inflation in 1920, but still about 64 per cent above the pre-war level. In Denmark, living costs are 31 per cent lower than they were at the beginning of 1921, but about 81 per cent greater than in 1914.

Germany, which experienced probably the most violent price fluctuations, is the only important European country where the cost of living for a brief period has dropped below the 1914 level since the war, in the year 1923. Since then, retail prices in Germany have been comparatively stable, with a slight rising tendency, the cost of living now being only about 43 per cent greater than at the beginning of the war, showing a smaller net increase over the 1914 level than either the United States, Great Britain, Canada, France, Italy or Denmark.

Books for the Social Scene

Portrait of a Seeker

"**DESCRIBER**, critic, and prophet of modern industrial America—thus Floyd Dell labels Upton Sinclair in *Upton Sinclair—A Study in Social Protest*.¹ This greatest pamphleteer of modern America has won world fame because: "Modern Industrial America is a new portent in an old world; and the world has looked to American literature for realistic description and intellectual interpretation of it—and found these things chiefly and best in the writings of Upton Sinclair." He is also a fighter for causes, and the old world approves this in literary men. So this far too-short book skimps on biography and literary criticism and presents its hero as seeker and iconoclast.

The seven ages of Sinclair have been: the boy-poet dreaming inspired by ethico-artistic ideals, baptism with life in hackwriting and marriage, conversion to preaching through Socialism, muck-raking in *The Jungle* and other novels, befuddlement with war idealism when he accepted the doctrine according to Wilson, social criticism in the "great pamphlets"—against Church, Press, and School; and his present rebirth as novelist in *Oil!* Running through all we find his private search for a philosophy of life and his public proclamations of his findings—from the bitter cry of Arthur Stirling's *Journal* through *The Fasting Cure*, *Love's Pilgrimage*, and *The Book of Life*. His discontent and his lyric self-prying have kept him constantly afire to discover how to live and be well, love and be happy, and his demi-urge of the preacher and incessant curiosity about life have provided him with ever new revelations. Meanwhile to give backbone to his search he has been a Constant Socialist, even running for Congress, gone lecturing, and set up as a publisher. The proof of his genius is found easily enough in his complex life, fiery activity, and a list of books that shows his creative energy. Also in his immodest interest in himself and his remarkable lack of reticence.

Dell's best work is his study of the personal psychology of Sinclair's revolt. How did this Baltimore-born Southern idealist, laden with poverty and the aristocrat's contempt for commerce, this poet with a mission, this Puritan with his ascetic version of sex (his first wife, you remember, called him "an essential monogamist"), this Utopian visionary, about face on his world and begin smashing at its sacred institutions?

Mr. Dell's answer is the chief interest of his book, and gets a disproportionate share of his scant space, leaving only a chapter for the great pamphlets which in Mr. Dell's opinion (and my own) are the really important and lasting contributions from Sinclair's pen. This biographer is by native bent over interested in a meticulous analysis of personal soul progress and the education of a psyche by conflict and love, and so really never answers his own question: How did Upton Sinclair get that way?

Nor is enough stress laid on the solemn fact that Sinclair is Sinclair with an inner and undecipherable X about him . . . touched with genius, filled with explosive energy, suffering painfully, ego-centric yet social-minded, foolish, vain, visionary, doctrinaire, pouring himself out with almost indecent honesty, yet building lopsided mosaics of colored facts to prove a case. He

was born with the energy and ideals of discontent. He is a fighter—let it go at that. Again as a literary man, Dell is singularly indifferent to the significance of Sinclair's gift of words—the vigor, realism, popularity, graphic vividness, and biting satire of his style. He draws no lesson from the fact that before he wrote twenty Sinclair, the hack, was doing boy-thrillers for Street & Smith at the rate of 56,000 words a week. Certainly here is a discipline in fast writing and many a lesson on the tricks of putting a kick into written stuff. Other men have said the same better things, and gained no audience in the millions. Sinclair said them in a way that got the ear of the world.

Dell on Sinclair clearly suffers from inhibitions. The man alive, and that plus old party-fellowship hobbles the pen of friarship. There are namby-pamby reserves and allegorical devices the first Mrs. Sinclair never being mentioned by name. At moments the author is making a propagandist into propaganda, with mawkish results. Sinclair is too big for aught but stern objectivity. Here is over-much of eulogy and the veiling of certain failures, such as the defection into war-making, and the crack-brained nature of some of Sinclair's practical proposals.

But Sinclair certainly blazoned on the skies evils that do exist, and other men have translated his criticism into programs. Sinclair put the fear of God into the University and the Press so that they have been more careful and self-critical. He has been a better gad-fly than Mencken because he has his sweep and human touch. His un-literary method, and his moral earnestness. To Mencken life is a joke; to Sinclair, a mishandled machine.

It is useful to have even a sketch of Sinclair, and there are passages here of good history and penetration. But Dell is too much against an unkind subject. By comparison his preoccupations with thin-spun analysis and his undistinguished style leave his book pale. This hard-burning spotlight of a man dims Dell's mild and pastel tones. Sinclair can write his own life so much better than, indeed, he often has!

LEON WHIPPLE.

Property or Freedom

NO one but Vida D. Scudder could have written *Brother John—A Tale of the First Franciscans*.² It is her style, her insight, her sensitive perception of social and personal values that are this book. And that will be enough for those who know Miss Scudder and her work. Occasionally a book appears which can be best described to loyal readers as "a World Tomorrow book." This is one of them and not by any odds the least.

Different from the usual historical novel, belonging in no category, is this rousing story of the conversion of young Leonard John of Sanfort into a Franciscan friar; his development into a mystic capable of achieving "blessed Naughting," becoming a knight withal, a valiant struggler for his party in the Order—the Zealots or Spirituals, for whose efforts many were imprisoned, including the winsome John.

It is no easy task to avoid that movie-like St. Vitus dance which generally bears the name of action, and still infuse a book with intense, significant drama. But Miss Scudder brilliantly accomplishes this.

¹Published by the George H. Doran Co. Through *The World Tomorrow Book Shop*, \$2.00 postpaid.

²Little, Brown and Company. Through *The World Tomorrow Book Shop*, \$2.50.

es it. Centrally, the conflict is spiritual, two lures at war in the mind of John and his companions. Shall it be faithless to Francis and Lady Poverty, or gradual concessions to needs of practical effectiveness? John's choice is made quite clear, but at the same time other views are well set forth and mathematically.

and the figures are alive! Deftly, bit by bit, the life of that agonizing time is drawn until it breathes beneath the author's pen. And it is all related to the clash of property conceptions of our own time, not so dissimilar as one might think off-hand. There is a powerful way of depicting in a few words tremendous emotional and social crises. When after years of imprisonment for his radical religious and economic faith, the frail body of John breaks and releases his embittered spirit,

'Messer Pitro' (called a jailor) 'here is a friar lying dead.' He came in and bent over the body, looking sorry. 'Tck-tck—it's brother John, the Englishman. He was the cheerfullest of men of all. They are a queer lot. They sing all the time. Why do you throw their lives away?'"

They don't, of course. Miss Scudder, quite without argument, gives you of that certainty. And if today some of the saintliest of our moderns are not persuaded of the ideals of St. Francis as the answer to our problems, no one who has read this book will be able to dismiss them from his reckoning. DEVERE ALLEN.

Two Centuries of English Women

PHILLIPS and W. S. Tomkinson have written a fascinating book, *English Women in Life and Letters*. The rich and great, the poor and ignorant are drawn in their environment. Housekeepers in country and town, servants in large establishments and in small homes, and fashionable women are described. Eighteenth Century education for women, women in various professions, women's industry in the home and the factory give us historic background. Throughout the four hundred pages the authors have made their points by quoting from the daily lives, fiction, diaries, letters, pamphlets, laws, advertisements and popular songs. Samuel Pepys, Dean Swift, Defoe, The Spectator writers, Crabbe, Richardson, Pope, Fanny Burney, Dr. Johnson, Thackeray, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë and Mrs. Gaskell are quoted from liberally and in their writings we find the social ideas of the day. About 150 cuts and illustrations taken from drawings made in the 17th, 18th and early 19th centuries add to the value of the volume. (Published by Oxford University Press. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, \$4.00.) A. A. S.

Americana

EVERY age reinterprets and rewrites its history. In this process it reflects its own peculiar interests. By a shift of emphasis, a new shading, the introduction of new methods of investigation, the application of new criteria of judgment a new history emerges. This is also true of literary history. One of the best American critics, Van Wyck Brooks, illustrates it in *Person and Others*. Having created a new Mark Twain and Henry James, he turns to others in this volume. His selection of Twain is significant. After a long essay on Emerson there are shorter ones on Yeats, Randolph Bourne, Ambrose Bierce, Melville, and Upton Sinclair. The concluding essay is a devastating survey of the Literary Life in America. Always readable and well

informed the first and the last of these essays are especially worth reading. (Published by E. P. Dutton. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, \$3.) H. C. E.

Dying from Strangulation

STRANGE as it may seem, the economists are agreed. The high tariff walls within Europe must be demolished before economic recovery can be accomplished. Even the American bankers and politicians agree that an approach to free trade is desirable—for Europe. *The Road to Prosperity*, by Sir George Paish, a distinguished British economist, summarizes the evidence in compelling fashion. The sensational plea for free trade recently made by prominent bankers and manufacturers from sixteen countries is reprinted, with a full list of the signatories. (Published by Putnam. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, \$2 postpaid.) K. P.

Modern China

"CHINA and the Nations,"¹ says John Nind Smith in his introduction, "was composed by Mr. Wong Ching-Wai as the official statement of China's international history in modern times and of her future policy, on the occasion of the People's Conference at Peking in April, 1925. It expresses the permanent opinion of China's National Party, and the mass of the Chinese." Readers of THE WORLD TOMORROW will find this book valuable for at least two reasons. First, it is a careful study of the influence of imperialism in China during the five great periods of foreign aggression beginning with the Opium War in 1840 to the present time. Second, it sets forth the problems facing modern China and the principles governing the Foreign Policy of the Kuo-min-tang.

Another recent book for those who wish to understand China's present struggle is *China Today Through Chinese Eyes*.² In 1922 The Christian Student Movement of Great Britain published a volume, under the same title, dealing with the intellectual, religious and economic forces moulding Chinese life and thought. This new book is a second series by seven distinguished Chinese leaders. It is complete and treats fresh aspects of the situation. Particularly fine are the sections on the present day industrial situation and the labor movement, and the synthesis of cultures of East and West. A. A. S.

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BETTER BOOKS for ALL-ROUND READING

Ores and Industry in the Far East, by H. Foster Bain. New York: Council on Foreign Relations, 1927. 6 x 9. 229 pages. \$3.50. An authoritative survey of available resources and an estimate of the resources available for future development. Students of international relations will do well to familiarize themselves with such facts as are contained in this volume.

Civil Liberty, by Edith M. Phelps. New York: H. W. Wilson Co., 1927. 5¼ x 8. 194 pages. Through *The World Tomorrow* Bookshop, \$.90. Presents evidence and arguments on all sides of this important question. Especially timely in view of the repressive activities of reactionary organizations.

An Experiment with Time, by J. W. Dunne. New York: Macmillan, 1927. 5½ x 8½. 208 pages. \$2.50. An English scientist of high standing experimented in many ways to prove that "time" has not only a past and present, but a future which we can foresee and partially experience. His volume is fascinating, enlightening and convincing.

American Communism, by James Oneal. New York: Random Book Store, 1927. 5¼ x 7¾. 256 pages. \$1.50. The history of a striking and very controversial phase of labor history by a socialist editor. Ably documented, interestingly written, and one of the best criticisms of communist tactics from a radical point of view.

Wild Goslings, by William Rose Benet. New York: George N. Doran Co., 1927. 5 x 7½. 356 pages. \$2.50. His first collected volume of eight essays, interspersed with verse and bits of fiction; critical, whimsical and delightful.

Carry On Sergeant, by Bruce Bairnsfather. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1927. 6 x 8½. 164 pages. \$2.50. The most suitable person for the front row in a modern war is: "a dull, stolid bachelor, orphan, who is tired of life but has been inflamed into a state of courageous frenzy against the opposing forces, which causes him to do as much violence as he can before extinction," says Bairnsfather. Illustrated.

The Adventure of Old Age, by Francis Bardwell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1926. 5¼ x 7¾. 299 pages. \$1.50. Delightful sketches of aged people in poverty, nobility, whimsy, and courage. All the battles are not youth's.

Youth and Christian Unity, by Walter W. Van Kirk. New York: Doran, 1927. 5¼ x 7½. 267 pages. \$2. One of the secretaries of the Federal Council of Churches seeks to interpret youth and the church to each other.

Industrial and Commercial South America, by Annie S. Peck. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 1927. (Revised and reset.) 8 x 5½. 489 pages. \$3.50. By no means a book of racial interpretation, and doesn't pretend to be. Simply an extraordinarily serviceable handbook.

Story of Civil Liberty in the United States, by Leon Whip-
 ps. New York: Vanguard Press, 1927. 4¾ x 7¼. 366
 pages. 50c. Showing that in the United States "liberty" has
 been the right of those in power to do as they chose, while the
 "champions of liberty" have been consistently suppressed. Disil-
 lusioning for some, it has its obvious "lessons" for the tactics
 of the libertarians.

Proceedings of the Seminar on Relations with Mexico. (Pam-
 phlet.) Boston: Hubert C. Herring, 1927. 6 x 9. 62 pages. \$1.50.
 A long title for a well-edited and valuable record of a study of
 Mexican problems by a group of thirty-seven men and women
 who spent January 1-10, 1927, in seminar with the leading his-
 torians, educators, politicians and priests in Mexico City.

Crusts in Stone, by Willis T. Lee. New York: D. Van Nos-
 tand Co., 1926. 5¾ x 8½. 226 pages. \$3. An interesting ac-
 count of the earth and its surfaces, from creation to Coolidge.

The Tired Child, by Max Seham, M.D., and Grete Seham,
 M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1926. 5¼ x 7¾.
 32 pages. \$2. A clear and extraordinarily rounded aid to par-
 ents in many more aspects of child care than indicated by the
 title.

My Nye—His Own Life Story, continuity by Frank Wilson
 Nye. New York: The Century Co., 1926. 6¼ x 9¼. 412
 pages. \$4. Just sheer, lively, exhilarating fun and whimsicality.

Twelve One-Act Plays, edited by Walter Prichard Eaton. New
 York: Longmans, Green and Co. 5 x 7½. 320 pages. \$2.50.
 These twelve plays are in many moods from fantasy to farce
 and are particularly suited for production by amateur groups
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A Year in the Wonderland of Trees, by Hallam Hawksworth.
 New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1926. 5¼ x 7½. 214
 pages. \$1.60. There are tree books galore, but none just like
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 tude of other fascinating things, and imbued with a fine phi-
 losophy of conservation.

The Nature of Man, by George A. Dorsey. New York: Harper
 & Brothers, 1927. 7 x 4½. 82 pages. \$1. Human beings
 know a great deal more about some things than about them-
 selves, what they are, how they got that way, and how they
 function. With vividly interesting writing, Dr. Dorsey tells
 mankind where it gets off.

The Story of Music, by Paul Bekker. New York: W. W. Nor-
 ton & Co., 1927. 6¼ x 9¼. 277 pages. \$3.50. Not a popular
 outline, as one might infer from the title, but a book of rare
 charm and stimulus to a musician. Unusual in its apprecia-
 tion of society's role in the creation of musical forms, and in
 its reverence alike for the old masters and the possibilities
 of the newer music of today and tomorrow.

New Paths for Old Purposes, by Margaret E. Burton. New
 York: Missionary Education Movement and Council of
 Women for Home Missions, 1927. 5 x 7½. 211 pages. \$1
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On Strike

While I am not under illusion that anyone will feel the loss, there will be no Last Page this month—none, at least from me. For this month is the occasion for an attempted—and probably successful—witch killing in ye olde Massachusetts.

Mr. William Green, with customary self-control, has declared that "The American Federation of Labor is pursuing the calm, rational course that should be pursued by the American people." Now, I happen to believe that in respect to most matters of social importance, the course pursued by the American people is uniformly too calm; and certainly on this occasion far too calm to bear the least resemblance to rationality.

I for one am not calm, nor do I expect to achieve that immoral condition for some time to come. Call me supersensitive, call me unstable. I say in return: unless your readers have been equally so, they fail to win my admiration.

This country is suffering, especially just now, from an overdose of common sense. We would be a great deal better off as a people if we exchanged some of it for the uncommon variety. Common sense never accomplished any social advance in this world. My prayers are for a dispensation of enlightened madness.

ECCENTRICUS.

Vanzetti to Thayer

(When sentenced April 9, 1927)

"I am innocent of those two crimes. Not only am I innocent of them, not only in all my life I have never stole, never killed, never spilled blood, but I have struggled all my life since I began to reason to eliminate crime from earth. . . . We believe that this war was wrong. We believe it still more now after ten years. I am glad to be on the doomsday scaffold if I can say to mankind, it was a lie, it was a delusion, it was a cheat, it was a fraud, it was a crime. . . . What we have suffered during these seven years no human tongue can say and yet you see me before you not trembling; you see me looking you in the eyes straight—not blushing, not changing color, not ashamed nor in fear. . . . I am so convinced to be right that if you could execute me two times and I could be reborn two other times, I would live again as I have done already."

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Harry E. Barnes The Development of American Society	Franz Boas Anthropology and Modern Life	Silas Bent The Power of the Press	Horace M. Kallen Beauty and Use	Aaron Copland Evolution of Modern Music	John A. Ryan Social Economics
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